



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

ART. XI.—1. *The Wilderness, or Braddock's Times. A Tale of the West.* 2 vols. 12mo. New York. 1823.

2. *The Spectre of the Forest, or Annals of the Housatonic. A New England Romance.* 2 vols. 12mo. New York. 1823.

It has been a question seriously agitated among our cisatlantic literati, even at so late a period as since the publication of this journal, whether America did or did not afford sufficient materials for a new and peculiar historical romance; yet now, so prolific are we in this species of production, that the reader who keeps pace with the outpourings of the press, and studies all the wonderful works, that are daily coming forth with the lofty pretensions of *American novels*, must have some industry and a great deal of patriotism. There are those among us, perhaps, who may be curious to know what constitutes the *Americanism* of an American novel. Many persons have doubtless been so far deluded as to imagine, that the peculiarities of such a work are mere *fac similes* of the peculiarities of the country, and consist in strong graphic delineations of its bold and beautiful scenery, and of its men and manners, as they really exist, or have at some time existed. They might look to see, perhaps, from the hand of a master, something of our lakes, rivers, and cataracts; something of our autumnal woods and skies, so beautiful and peculiar; something of our rich and rapid summer vegetation, outstripping the tardy growth of more equal climes; or the sudden desolation of our winter tempests. And in regard to the human beings who animate the soil, they would possibly expect to find the familiar manners, habits, and dialects of those immediately about them.

It is with the honest view of correcting such erroneous impressions, that we have taken leave to refer to the works named at the head of our article, as containing all the elements of an American novel, so far as we have been able to digest them from the mass of writings, (always making exceptions enough to prove the rule,) which have appeared under that lofty appellation. By casting an eye over these pages, it will be seen at a glance, that the art of writing an American novel, is neither more nor less, than the art of describing under

American names such scenes as are in no respect American, peopling them with adventurers from all quarters of the globe, except America, with a native or two here and there, acting as no American ever acts, and talking a language which, on the other side of the water, may pass for American, simply because it is not English. Thus the chief *dramatis personæ* of the Wilderness are a Scotch Irishman, (by which we mean an Irishman who talks Scotch,) and his wife, with their sons and daughters; an American Irishman, (by which we mean an Irishman born in America,) with an Irish Irishman, (by which we mean Paddy himself,) for his servant; a sort of mad Indian, who turns out to be a Frenchified Scotchman; together with General Washington, and a few other mere nondescripts. The plot is carried on by means of the wars of the last century between the French and English settlers of our western wilderness, and the loves of General Washington, who plays the double part of Romeo among the ladies, and Alexander the Great among the Indians, with signal success.

That we may not be astonished at the Scotch Irishman, we are informed in the outset, that the Presbyterians of Ulster are little more or less than Lowlanders in manners and dialect. Of this class is Gilbert Frazier, who marries Miss Nelly M'Cleen, and comforts her, as they are taking their last look at the promontory of Inishowen, on their way to America, 'by half whispering and half singing in her ear' the following exquisite specimen of Scotch Irish poetry, translated into what passes, we suppose, for *American* English.

'We need not grieve now, our friends to leave now,  
For Erin's fields we again shall see,  
But first a lady in Pennsylvania,  
My dear, remember thou art to be.'

Arrived in America, Gilbert sets himself down on the Juniata. Thence he is soon routed by the Indians, who make prisoners of the whole settlement. Some are burnt, and others run the gauntlet. Gilbert was selected for the latter exercise; a favor for which he found he was indebted to a French officer, who had enlisted in the Indian service, and who had taken a fancy to Mrs Nelly Frazier, as a fit attendant on his wife, then lying at the royal wigwam of Queen

Aliquippa. This good lady dies in the act of giving birth to the heroine of the piece, and her husband thereupon runs mad into the woods.

Gilbert meanwhile had built him a log cabin, not far from the wigwam, at the junction of Turtle Creek with the Monongahela; and there brought up, or to speak more appropriately, *raised*, the Frenchman's daughter as his own, in company with Miss Nancy and Messieurs Paddy and Archy Frazier. In process of time Paddy providentially breaks a leg, by which means the reader is made acquainted with Tonnaleuka, a very remarkable Indian, supposed to be a prophet, and also somewhat of a surgeon. In this latter capacity he first introduces himself to the family, and afterwards, being conversant with all arts, sciences, and tongues, becomes the tutor of the little Maria, who is thus educated as a first rate heroine.

Being provided with a heroine, the next thing to be furnished is a suitable hero. For this purpose, the American Irish gentleman, Mr Charles Adderly, whose father emigrated from the same part of the Emerald Isle as did Gilbert Frazier, leads an expedition of the Ohio Company into the wilderness, and establishes himself near the present site of Pittsburgh. Here he has a desperate fight with the Indians, and slays one of their chief warriors in single combat; but is taken prisoner, and rescued from death only by the sudden arrival of Tonnaleuka with a special mandate from Maneto *in favorem vitæ*. The next step is to conduct him to Frazier's cottage, and there, of course, the hero and the heroine fall in love. However, let it not be imagined that this little arrangement became a settled thing between the parties, with any undue precipitancy on the part of the heroine. So far from it the hero might not to this day have been relieved from the torture of suspense, or the horror of despair, had not the father of the warrior, whom he slew in battle, pitched upon the fortunate moment when he was in the act of declaring himself in due form at the feet of his mistress, to pop at him from behind a bush, break his right arm with the ball, throw him upon his back, grapple his throat with one hand, and brandish the fatal tomahawk over his head with the other, and then hold him a talk of some length in choice Indian. This he does, doubtless, with the benevolent view of giving Mr Paddy

Frazier, who was hidden all the while behind another bush, rifle in hand, full leisure to get a good aim; whereby the reader is agreeably surprised with finding

‘The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died;’

for just as the tomahawk was in the act of descending, a bullet from Paddy’s rifle pierces the savage’s brain. Upon this the heroine swoons, recovers, falls into the hero’s arms, or rather arm, since he had but one whole one left, and pours out her heart upon the spot.

But it is high time to introduce another hero, who acts a most conspicuous part in the progress of the tale. Upon Mr Adderly’s return to Philadelphia, for the purpose of giving an account of himself to the Ohio Company, the Governor of Virginia despatches Mr George Washington, who is spoken of as ‘a very respectable looking young man,’ on an embassy to the French governor at Fort-Le Bœuf, to demand an explanation of the recent outrages committed by his people, or by the Indians at their instigation, against the British settlers. Not long after, as the heroine and Miss Nancy Frazier were one day sitting under a tree together, as romantically as possible, Miss Nancy listening, and Miss Maria reading, ‘with a tenderness and pathos of manner, which showed that her whole soul was enwrapt with the delightful strains in which the poet of the Seasons has told his sweetest tale.’

‘Maria had just pronounced the following exquisite lines;

“He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty concealed.”

When Nancy, happening to direct her attention a little to one side, perceived a white man’ (the reader should bear it in mind that Washington was a white man) ‘leaning against a tree, scarce two yards distant. She immediately started to her feet in surprise, crying out—

“Oh, Maria, here is a white stranger.”

‘Maria arose, considerably startled, and the stranger approached, with mildness, benevolence, and admiration strongly expressed in his countenance.

“Ladies!” said he, “I must ask pardon for my delay in addressing you. But how could I interrupt the noble exercise, the refined enjoyment in which I found you engaged! And in such a place too—so unexpectedly! I have traversed the wilderness nearly two hundred miles without seeing a white woman; and

here to discover such as you, and so employed ! Ladies—forgive me, if I say my delight is equal to my astonishment ! ” Vol. I. p. 217.

After the mutual astonishment of the white man and the two white women had in some measure subsided, the former is introduced into Frazier’s house, where we have an opportunity of seeing him partake of ‘cakes and metheglin,’ entirely against his own inclination, and merely to gratify the ladies. Such was the natural gallantry of Washington’s disposition !

‘When he was seated with Maria and Nancy in Gilbert’s little parlor, and some light refreshment placed before him, until a more substantial meal could be prepared, Maria observing that he scarcely tasted any thing—

“Mr Washington,” said she, “I should have expected that traversing the woods would have quickened the appetite more than it seems to have done with you. I wish you would use [?] some of this fare. It is indeed rustic, but you will make allowance for it, being the produce of the Wilderness.”

“I shall eat, since it will gratify you,” he replied, “although I confess I have no appetite just now. Yet think not, Miss Frazier, that it is because these cakes and that metheglin are disagreeable to my taste, that I use them sparingly. No, the choicest viands of city luxury could not be more grateful to me. Ah ! I feel, believe me I do, that the very heart of the Wilderness can produce attractions equal, nay, let me say superior, to any I have yet met with in society.”

“Sir,” said Maria, “there must be a refinement in society, arising from a thousand opportunities and advantages enabling the people to cultivate it, that we do not possess here ; nor can it be expected that we should. What means, what instructions, what examples, either to infuse and culture taste, or afford the means of its gratification, can we enjoy among nations of savages, whose only object is to prowl the Wilderness, in search of prey, or alas ! too frequently, in search of revenge.”

“And yet,” said Washington, “in this very Wilderness, it appears, forgive me for saying it Miss Frazier, but it is truth ; that you have been taught both to relish and discriminate with a truer taste, and sounder judgment, the refinements of life, than the majority of even those women in society, who have had the advantages of the best tuition. I have met with none of them who could have read with more apparent feeling and enjoyment, than you did to day, the delightful tale of the lovely, the modest Lavinia, who, like yourself, was the child of seclusion ; and who, like yourself, possessed as much, perhaps more real taste and refinement, than if she had been brought up in courts. I must confess, Miss Frazier,

that from my first perusal of Lavinia's tale, which was in my boyhood, I have been more enamoured of the idea my fancy formed of her attractions and virtues, than I ever was with those of any other woman ; and until—”

‘ He was here interrupted by the arrival of his party.’ Vol. I. pp. 221—223.

We must pass over Mr Washington's expedition to Fort Le Bœuf, his numerous hairbreadth scapes by flood and field, his political discussions with the Frenchmen, his wise talks with the Indians, and his amatory dialogues with Maria ; who, heroine like, takes the best possible care to throw no discouragement in the way of a pure and disinterested passion, although she had no idea whatever of returning it. We hasten to the parting scene, in which our readers may see with what sort of baggage Washington usually provided himself when he travelled among the Indians.

‘ Just before Washington set off, he seized a favorable occasion for a short private interview with Maria.

“ Miss Frazier !” said he, “ I must now bid you farewell for a time. Permit me, before I depart, to present you with a small volume of poems, one of which is with me, next to some of the passages of your admired Thomson, the most favorite piece of poetry in our language. This copy has for many months past been my constant companion. Its author was one who was greatly enamoured of that sylvan seclusion which you here enjoy in such perfection. He was also one who keenly felt, and sweetly described the tenderest and sweetest of all passions. I have marked with a pencil those passages of my favorite poem, which I shall often recall to mind when at a distance from you ; and oh ! may I request that, for my sake, you will frequently read them. They will depict to you the feelings which, until I see you again, will strongly agitate this bosom. Farewell ! and may heaven protect you from all dangers !” So saying, he pressed her hand gently, and departed.’ Vol. I. p. 277.

In the next page the author tells us, that

‘ The book which Washington left with our heroine was a handsomely bound copy of Shenstone's poems ; and the passages he had marked for her attention, she found in that most tender and simple of all poetical effusions the Pastoral Ballad !’ *Quod vide.*

Mr Charles Adderly revisits the wilderness with a new party of settlers ; is again made prisoner ; again rescued by the sage Tonnaleuka, and secreted in a cave, which seems to

have been contrived on purpose, with a moveable tree for a trap door, in the neighborhood of Frazier's cottage. During his concealment, a wedding takes place at the cottage, not, as our readers might imagine, between him and the heroine, but between Miss Nancy and Dr Kilbreath, one of Adderly's followers, whose perilous adventures we had wholly forgotten to relate, and whom we are now induced to notice not so much for his own merits, as for the sake of introducing our readers once more to the agreeable society of Mr Washington. A priest had been procured at the neighboring fort to perform the ceremony ; the French officers and their ladies were invited guests ; and Mr Washington having again strolled across the wilderness fortunately happened to come in at the same juncture. This enables our author to exhibit him in a new attitude. The marriage party being mightily exhilarated by all the good cheer of the wilderness,

‘ An inclination for dancing soon became the consequence of this overflowing of the spirits ; and, as Paddy possessed a violin, and both Vanbraam and he were tolerable performers, the strings were soon screwed to their proper pitch, and away went the merry Frenchmen to the regions of airiness and joy.

‘ After becoming somewhat relieved and composed by this first irregular and rather violent explosion of their bounding spirits, they proposed a more civilized and rational set of dances, in which the ladies should bear a part. A regular cotillon was soon got up, for which Mr Washington had the good fortune to secure Maria as his partner !’ Vol. II. pp. 57, 58.

As there is nothing our author hits off with such a happy *coup de pinceau* as the prominent traits of Washington's character, we are sure we cannot do him, or our readers, better justice, than by giving them a sample of that great man's talent at light and elegant conversation, during the intervals of the cotillons ; which, by the way, seem to have been introduced into Ohio much earlier than we were aware of.

‘ “ I think, Mr Washington,” said he, “ that it is in your power to afford us another agreeable day like this, by giving Monsieur d'Abbeville another job. Suppose you detain us for tomorrow. By my faith, we will take it as a great kindness.”

‘ “ There is nothing more remote from my power at present, I assure you, sir,” replied Washington. “ I cannot see how you could have fallen upon such a conjecture.”



“No conjecture,” returned Joncaire, “could be more natural. Who could look at that young lady without admiration? By heavens! if I were a young fellow like you, I could not—nay, pardon me—as it is, I cannot—and my wife says that she feels the same sentiment towards you. Upon honor, Mr Washington, if I did not see that you are otherwise engaged, I should become jealous of you. See that leering dame of a wife of mine, she cannot keep her eyes off you.”

“It is yourself, sir, I perceive, that she is looking at,” observed Washington, following the direction of the lady’s eyes. “But will you not hurt her feelings by the levity of these observations?”

“No, no,” returned the other, “she’s too cunning a puss for that. Besides, you may be easy, sir, and speak freely; for curse the word of what we say will she understand.”

“An idea of retorting upon Joncaire, at least of diverting the conversation from its original topic, now occurred to Washington. “If she is so partial to me,” said he, “as you mention, you may really bless your stars that you secured her before I saw her, for positively, if she were not the property of another, I should try to make her my own.”

“Ha! ha!” exclaimed the lighthearted Frenchman, “there for you now! I knew she had hit you with her sharp glances, Mr Washington, although you alleged that she had cast them at me. By heavens! sir, you perceive that her eyes are like the quills of a porcupine.”

“That is a strange comparison,” returned Washington. “I rather think they are like the stars in the firmament.”

“Ha! sir, you are too sublime for me.” Here they were interrupted by De Vamploise, who wished them to engage in another dance.’ Vol. II. pp. 59, 60.

The next morning poor Washington seems to have found himself in much the same state of feeling with the unfortunate Frenchman, who, being in strange water, was determined that he *would* drown, and nobody *should* help him.

“Alas!” thought he, as he walked out on the margin of Turtlecreek, “if this most lovely of created beings refuses my love, how wretched I shall be! My heart destitute and forlorn, *shall* bleed at the desolation of its hopes; but it *shall* be still more miserable at the thought of the troubles and dangers with which, if she will not leave this Wilderness, she will soon be surrounded. War! shocking and barbarous war with savages, will ere long penetrate to these wilds; and Maria, oh, Maria! how I delight to name thee!—Oh, how wilt thou escape its fury! But I will urge, I will entreat, I will implore thee to fly with me while there is yet time,

while thou art yet safe, and before the coming tempest bursts around thee. Oh, with what eagerness I should march in the ranks of those brave men who *shall* be sent here to drive the enemies of my country from their usurped fastnesses, if I were sure that she who is dearer to me than life, would not suffer in the conflict. But I will prevail on her—O heaven ! grant that she may consent to become my own, that I may lodge her in a place of safety.’

‘In such contemplations this ardent and illustrious lover spent upwards of an hour.’ Vol. II. pp. 60, 61.

It is certainly useful to know in what employments great men are accustomed to pass their leisure time.

Our readers cannot regret more than our author, and neither of them certainly more than ourselves, the necessity which forbids us to extract the passage in which Washington makes his formal declaration, and receives his formal *coup de grace* from the lady, managed with such admirable dexterity on her part, as not to excite in his mind the slightest suspicion, that she was all the while betrothed to another. We pass it however only to make room for scenes of yet deeper interest.

Washington, on his return to Virginia, finds a lieutenant colonel’s commission, and a small body of troops raised by the colony, awaiting him. With these he marches into the wilderness, and takes up a military position at such a convenient distance from Fort Du Quesne, and also from Frazier’s cottage, as enables him to carry on love and war *uno ictu* in the most soldierlike manner. Adderly comes out of his hiding place to fill a vacant captaincy. But after various fortune the colonial forces are compelled to capitulate on honorable terms, and return to their own homes. Anon, General Braddock’s expedition carries Washington and Adderly once more to the wars ; and the famous battle of *Braddock’s Field* is opportunely fought within sight of Frazier’s cottage. Never did knight of romance, under the influence of peerless dame, perform more unheard of prodigies of valor against Saracen or Turk, than did Washington this day, under the eye of ‘the beloved of his soul,’ among the red warriors of the west. His men, however, were cut to pieces, his general killed, and Adderly a third time captured. But even this was not the worst consummation of that fatal hour. Monsieur de Villiers, the French commander, got sight of the

heroine, and forthwith resolved, *per fas aut nefas*, to make her his. Being unable to prevail on better terms, he finally sends a file of soldiers, who forcibly bear her off to his quarters at the fort. We cannot make up our minds to sit down tamely, and recount the numberless temptations and distresses of this fair damsel during her imprisonment, but, inspired rather with the chivalrous spirit of Washington himself, hasten to the rescue.

‘She was occupied with these thoughts’ [the reader will excuse us for omitting the thoughts] ‘when Halmanna,’ [the squaw who attended her,] ‘entering the room, informed her that she had been commanded by the Mingo prophet to conduct a chief of the Piantia tribe into her apartment, but not to reveal the circumstance to any other person in the garrison.

“What can this chief want of me?” thought Maria. “But he can want nothing but good, since his errand is sanctioned by Ton-naleuka.” She therefore desired Halmanna to admit him. Her heart beat violently as she heard his steps advancing. She rose to meet him, and beckoned the squaw, who was entering before him, to retire. He was dressed in an elk skin robe, the long skirts of which reached below the calves of his legs. This robe was closely wrapped round his waist, so as to show the well formed configuration of his person, and fastened securely there with a broad belt, fantastically, but rather handsomely, ornamented with porcupine’s quills, dyed of various colors. His arms were covered with a kind of roller, made of stripes of the soft fur skins of the smaller animals, neatly enough attached to each other with thongs of half tanned deer skin, and wound round the arms from the shoulders to the wrists. At the shoulders, the elbows, and the wrists, these rollers were kept in their places by leathern bands, also ornamented with variegated porcupine’s quills. His cap was of a very showy description, made of beaver skin, with a high plume formed of feathers of different dyes, which, glittering in the sun as he moved along the fortress-yard, produced to the eye of the spectator a very striking and brilliant effect. Tassels, made of small feathers, also of various colors, hung in abundance, eight or nine being on each side, over his ears and down his cheeks, so as to shade and partly conceal them; forming, on the whole, a singularly beautiful and gaudy costume. His feet and legs were covered with moccasins and leggings, in the usual manner of the Indians.

‘This chief, so majestic in his person and splendid in his apparel, on entering the chamber of Maria, approached her evidently with much emotion, and, to her great astonishment, addressed her in English.

“How sorry I am, Miss Frazier,” said he, “to find you a captive in such a place, and in the hands of such a man !—But I forget—you do not know me in this disguise. Alas ! has the form of him who loves you with an ardor beyond whatever man has felt for woman, made so slight an impression upon your mind, that the mere changing of the hue of his countenance can conceal him from your recollection ? Must I name to you the man who loves you with a tenderness and a devotedness, which none but himself can ever feel ?—alas, must I name to you—GEORGE WASHINGTON ?”’ Vol. II. pp. 227—229.

It is much to be regretted, that Chantry and Canova, who have taken so much pains in devising attitude and costume for the immortal Washington, never happened to imagine him with porcupine’s quills, leggins, and moccasins in the character of a Piantia chief.

After a tender interview the plan of escape is settled. Washington ‘produced from under his robe the habiliments of a squaw.’

“These,” he continued, “when the proper time arrives, you will throw over your other clothes, and thus concealed, you will act as my interpreter with the sentinel, and solicit his permission for me to pass out of the fort to worship, according to the custom of the Piantia chiefs, beneath a red oak tree, to which you are to guide me.”’ Vol. II. p. 331.

‘It was nearly twelve o’clock, everything in the Governor’s house was still and silent ; even the squaw had retired to rest, and, excepting those of Washington and Maria, it is probable that there was not at that moment a wakeful eye under its roof.

‘Washington stole cautiously out of doors, in order to view the state of matters in other parts of the garrison. All was as motionless and silent as his heart could wish. The measured tramp of the sentinel at the fortress gate, was alone to be heard ; and, although it was in the middle of July, the clouds of night seemed to perform their office with much effect, and the face of nature was enveloped in a *tolerably thick mantle of darkness*.

‘Having ascertained this favorable situation of things, the young hero bent his soul to the business for which he had thus ventured into the strong hold of his enemies. He ascended to the chamber of Maria. He found her waiting with impatience for his appearance.

“Miss Frazier,” said he, “thank heaven, the moment is favorable. Haste, lovely maiden, throw on your disguise. Be of good courage, and let us proceed from this abode of wickedness and brutality, God will open the way for us.”

‘A minute or two sufficed to make her ready. She caught Washington’s arm. They descended the stairs slowly and without noise, and boldly walked across the area towards the gate.

‘“Hallo ! who comes there ?” shouted the sentinel.

‘(“You are my interpreter, remember,” whispered Washington to Maria, “as I do not speak French.”)

‘“We are friends,” replied Maria to the sentinel, imitating, as well as she could, the pronunciation and tone of a squaw.

‘“And where are you going, my friends,” asked the soldier, “at this hour ? Why does your comrade remain dumb, mistress ?”

‘“This is the Indian chief,” she replied, “that came here to day with the Mingo prophet. He cannot speak your language, and on that account requested me to solicit your permission for him to pass out and worship the Great Spirit beneath the branches of the red oak, as all the chiefs of his nation have been accustomed to do at this hour of the night, twice every moon, once in the full, and once in the wane.”

‘“And pray, Mrs Squaw, what is your business with this chief ? Let him go and worship till he rots, if he pleases ; but for you, my dame, I would advise you rather to go to sleep. He can worship devoutly enough without your help, I dare say. Turn back, mistress, if you please.” Here the sentinel pushed her somewhat back from him, while she replied, in considerable fright—

‘“Ah, sir, my good soldier ! I must indeed go with this chief. He is a stranger, and does not know *where to find a red oak tree*—I must guide him.”

‘“Let him take the first tree he meets,” said the sentinel ; “it will answer the same purpose, whether it be oak or hiccory. But as for you, dame square toes, I say you shall not pass here to night. No, by St Peter ! I shan’t risk disobeying orders so far.”

‘“Sir,” observed Maria, her agitation having so much increased that she forgot her assumed character of the squaw, and to the surprise of the soldier, spoke good French—“Sir,” said she, “this chief declares that he will not go without me. Oh ! pray, do now, my good friend, permit us both to pass, and heaven will bless you !”

‘“Heh ! who are you ?” cried the sentinel. “I protest you seem somewhat too christianized for a squaw. By the holy mother ! but I believe there is something wrong in this affair. The Governor has a lady in keeping. I think I must keep you both within the walls, till we see who you are. I’ll be broiled, if it would not cost me a bullet in my heart, if I allowed that lady to escape. Back to your quarters this moment, or by the devil ! I shall call the guard.”

‘“Alas !” said the frightened Maria in English to Washington,

while the sentinel was uttering this tirade ; “ we are discovered, we are ruined ! Ah me ! he threatens to call the guard upon us ! ”

‘ At that instant the sentinel seized Maria rudely by the arm, and endeavored to separate her from the chief, calling out loudly for the assistance of the guard ; but the next instant he fell, with a dagger plunged to the hilt, by the whole of Washington’s tremendous force, in his heart.

‘ The hero seized the trembling Maria in his arms, for terror had rendered her unable to support herself, and hastening with his beloved burden out of the fort, to the spot where Tonnaleuka, attended by Paddy Frazier, had appointed to wait with horses, Maria was in a moment placed on one of them, and her strength being sufficiently recovered, Tonnaleuka led the way through the woods ; she followed, and *Washington and Paddy brought up the rear.*’ Vol. II. pp. 237—239.

Soon after the escape we have an *éclaircissement*. Washington, thinking probably that he had now bought a title to the lady’s regard, renews his suit, and then learns for the first time, from ‘ the beloved of his soul,’ that her heart is another’s, at which Washington staggers and turns pale. Presently news arrives that Captain Adderly’s life is respited by his Indian captors, at Tonnaleuka’s intercession, until Monday noon. It is now the heroine’s turn to stagger and turn pale. However, ‘ the most judicious means within reach were applied for her recovery, and in about seven or eight minutes’ (as our author avers) ‘ the organs of vitality began to resume the performance of their functions.’ In about seven or eight minutes more, as near as we have been able to calculate, Washington pressed her hand to his burning lips, (it was the first time we are told he had taken that liberty,) and tore himself away.

The scene then changes to the ‘ head waters of Chartier’s creek.’ Monday noon has arrived, and Captain Adderly is bound to the stake.

‘ Remalseh gave a shout of joy that all was secure, and had just retired a few paces from Charles, when a troop of cavalry burst, like a clap of thunder, down the eastern hill ; a loud huzza rang through the air, while at the same instant, a volley from a number of carbines levelled Remalseh, Taksuma, and five other Indians to the earth. The rest of the savages had scarcely waited to see this slaughter of their chiefs, but had fled in dreadful panic, in various directions, into the adjoining woods. In a moment the sword of Washington had cut the bands of Adderly, and the hapless victim

was rescued from the fire of savage vengeance, ere a single particle of it had touched his body.' Vol. II. pp. 260, 261.

The hero being thus restored, by the generosity of Washington, to the arms of the heroine, Tonnaleuka takes the opportunity to discover himself as the father of Maria, and the same gentleman who ran wild into the woods at his wife's death. He was a Scotchman by birth, a Frenchman by adoption, and an Indian by reputation. The whole family then remove out of the wilderness, since they had experienced enough of adventure there to fill up two good sized volumes, and consequently had no longer any motive for staying. Gilbert returns to his first settlement on the Juniata, now become a civilised place. The hero and the heroine are duly married ; and, as for Washington,

' His heart having suffered much, he became serious, and contemplative, even in the days of his youth ; but he had done his duty, and hence he was blest with the consciousness of self approbation, and with the possession of a magnanimous firmness, an independence, and a fearlessness in all his actions and intercourse with the world. Having parted with the only object that could engross his whole affections, and being naturally free from every close and selfish feeling, his heart regarded all men as his brothers, it cherished his country as his only mistress, and hearkened to his duty as his only master. In short, from the day on which it was forced to abandon the tender hopes of a youthful and enthusiastic love, it would be impossible to find an example of human nature having produced a heart more purely and entirely devoted to all the calls of philanthropy, patriotism and duty, and productive of actions more conducive to the benefit of the world, than the heart of WASHINGTON.' Vol. II. pp. 291, 292.

It cannot be reckoned among the least of the benefits, which Washington has thus conferred upon the world, that he has been the occasion of so remarkable a work as that we have above noticed. For ingenuity and originality we are sure the author of the *Wilderness* must stand unparalleled among American novelists. We have indeed, before this, seen Washington placed in extraordinary situations ; but who besides our author ever imagined him,

' Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow ?'

Who ever before thought of General Washington thridding the mazes of a cotillon upon 'light fantastic toe,' or march-

ing with the true aboriginal parrot toed gait in an elegant costume of party colored feathers, and porcupine's quills! We have had no room to notice the minor characters in the book; but we can assure our readers that they are all as well sustained, and have as much verisimilitude as that of Washington himself.

We are glad to learn from the introduction to the 'Spectre of the Forest,' that our author has found with the public all the favor, which he so highly deserves. We have no time for a minute analysis of this latter work. We can only say, there is nothing in it quite equal to Washington; but still, upon the whole, it is rather a bolder attempt than the *Wilderness*. The scene is laid chiefly in Connecticut, and the manners of our puritan ancestors are intended to be described. The machinery of horror is far more various and complicated than in the *Wilderness*. We have wars, Indians, wild beasts, witches, trials, hangings, mobs, pirates, regicides, all conspiring against the reader's peace in every page. But on the other hand, we have the solace of such society as Prior, Dryden, Addison, besides the king and the queen, judges, bishops, dukes, lords, and gentlemen, which to be sure we are obliged to go to England to enjoy, but with which we are amply repaid for all our trouble, seeing so many and so great personages as familiarly as Scott himself could have shown them. The Spectre, who appears and disappears in a most astonishing manner on all great occasions, and constantly stands ready to help the author through every difficulty, turns out to be no other than Goffe, one of those who subscribed to Charles' execution, and who is said to have secreted himself for several years in this country.

---

ART. XII.—*Debate in Congress on the Bill to amend the several Acts for imposing Duties on Imports.* 1824.

ON examining the speeches made upon the tariff question, we find that, as far as the *principle* of the restrictive policy goes, the argument is given up by its friends. Under the form of ridicule ineffectually cast on several distinguished